



The Gateway



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UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1935

SIX PAGES

ATHLETES' INSURANCE SCHEME MOOTED BY COUNCIL

Avalanche of Gab Makes Appearance at Novel Open Forum

Forty-nine Debaters Raise Roof in Convocation Hall—"Exquisite" Ed McCormick Comes Out of Retirement to Give Benediction

COSTIGAN WIELDS GAVEL

The (very) Open Forum debate of Thursday night, Dec. 5th, shall without a doubt go down in history as the most unique of its kind ever held in this University.

In the first place, of the total fifty-six persons present, forty-nine were debaters; and of the forty-nine debaters present, half of that number (24½) were most decidedly not debaters.

Secondly, two separate resolutions were stated and dealt with in the course of the evening. Both were announced at the beginning, after persons had been picked to represent either the affirmative or negative of each, and then these so-called debaters were granted ten minutes for "fond meditation," as Mr. Costigan so aptly put it.

Thirdly, Mr. Prowse delivered but one address during the entire procedure. This was unique and a good thing.

And finally, no decision was given as to the victorious side in either of the debates.

Resolutions

The resolution of the first forum was: "Resolved that a Dictatorship is a more practicable form of government than a Democracy." That of the second debate was: "Resolved that Section 98 of the Criminal Code of Canada should be repealed."

Both of these resolutions were greeted with murmurs of awe by the unfortunate whose duties it was to voice their ideas concerning them. The latter of the subjects caused a raid which ended in the larger part of the law library being transferred to Convocation Hall, the site of the conflict.

"Exquisite" Ed Gives Advice
At the conclusion of the allotted ten minutes, Mr. Edward McCormick, a well-known graduate from this University, rendered a few well-chosen words of advice to the debaters on the art of public-speaking. Then Mr. Costigan called upon the first speaker of the affirmative of the first resolution (complicated, we admit), and the battle was on.

The main impression we got from that which followed was the relentless regularity with which Mr. Costigan wielded his gavel at the termination of the three minutes allowed to each speaker. As it were, quite a number stubbornly refused to respond to this and continued to orate until Mr. Costigan showed signs of putting the hammer to a new and entirely different use.

Highlights

However, in spite of the obvious discomfort evidenced by a number of the debaters, and sometimes because of it the evening had certain highlights which made it entirely worth while.

The various and quite often surprising original pronouncements of "Mussolini"—Jim (Hercules) Patterson's assertion that he is "just a pale violet around home"—Mr. Gorman's dynamic harangue in which his "I hate you to pieces" manner, practically frightened () the audience to death—The noble address given by Mr. Prowse—Mr. Bercusson's eloquent and flowing vocabulary—Jack Stewart's introduction: "As Mark Antony said to Cleopatra, 'I did not come here to make a speech!'"—The really terrific pattern of a certain speaker's shirt, and the way in which the owner fooled everyone by stepping down off the platform and immediately mounting it again just as the applause began.

New Talent Uncovered
It all, it was very enjoyable, and considerable new talent was exposed. The "King Kong" proportions of the

two-in-one open forum were necessary in order that students might be chosen to represent the University in the Inter-Varsity debates and provincial tours. Considering the number who spoke, we believe that this end will be handsily accomplished.

Varsity Library In Possession Rare Books

55,000 Volumes and 500 Periodicals Form Tremendous Bulk For Local Library

"Fifty-five thousand volumes with about 500 periodicals makes up the total numbers of books in the University Library," disclosed Mr. Cameron, Chief Librarian, in a recent interview to The Gateway. "Not of the rarity type, but the utilitarian. We need books to use. A good reproduction of Shakespeare's 'First Folio' is as good to us as the original itself. Of course, many of our books are worth more now than the price we paid for them."

Library Conditions Improving
Asked as to how library conditions now compared with recent times, Mr. Cameron stated that they were improving rapidly. Increasing registration made more resources available. Also the Carnegie grant of \$15,000 a few years ago was exceedingly valuable. "How does U. of A. Library stand up with other libraries, Mr. Cameron?" "Very well with others of its own size. We have the advantage of buying only books which we need—no deadwood, as older libraries might have."

New Books Continually
"Books are being bought continually," stated the librarian. "In one month 530 new books were catalogued."

"Library inconveniences are many. We have long outgrown our quarters, and administration is difficult—the Law Library in one place, the research, medical, agricultural in others, certainly make facilities hard to work with."

Mr. Cameron suggested the very brilliant idea that if any student be left a fortune he might do a good turn by bequeathing it to the University Library. Now what do you think of that, folks?

Books From World Over
"Books come from all over the world to the U. of A. library—from Italy, China, Germany, France. The library world has many co-operative habits. An inter-library loan makes it possible for the smaller libraries to borrow a book or part of a book which they need from the larger libraries. Photographic filming is also a new idea. A part of a book is photographed on a film about the size of a postage stamp and enlarged for use."

Possible Shortage of Male Librarians
"How are the opportunities for those interested in library work, Mr. Cameron?"

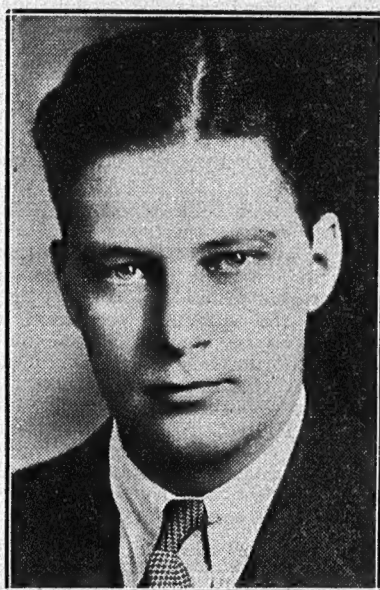
"There is a steady if limited demand for librarians—a possible shortage of male candidates. All the girls who have gone from the University of Alberta to take a library course have since been placed, as far as known. Only four men seem to have gone. McGill and University of Toronto offer library courses. McGill gives a degree, while Toronto only a diploma. As to the qualifications necessary for librarians, no one can prescribe them—in fact, anything short of tap-dancing. An all-around live interest is the important thing, on the top of a generous education."

No Chance Library Course Here
To the question whether a library course might ever be founded at Alberta, Mr. Cameron stated there was not a chance. "The constituency is too small. The number of students taking library work annually in Canada is about fifty, and McGill and Toronto adequately cover those."

Mr. Cameron stated the advisability of anyone interested in library work to first get in touch with a library before taking the course.

"A popular delusion among the pub-

VALEDICTORIAN



JACK McINTOSH

HISTORIAN



HAZEL SUTHERLAND

Commemoration of Birth of Horace to Be Celebrated By Entire Western World

Local Celebration Set for Convocation Hall Monday Evening—Original Play to Be Presented

BROADCASTS ARRANGED

One of a chain of joint celebrations to be held over the entire western world celebrating the birth of the famous Roman poet Horace in the year 65 B.C., will take place Monday evening, Dec. 9th, in Convocation Hall, at 8:30 p.m.

All academic institutions of the western world will join in this observance of the 2000th anniversary of the birth of Horace.

While the manner of celebration will vary in different institutions, the underlying object of honoring the memory of Horace will be the same.

Short Wave Broadcast
An interesting sidelight is the fact that celebrations in various European countries will be carried by means of short-wave radio to listeners on this continent. Due to time differences, the broadcasts should reach Edmonton some time Sunday evening.

The local celebration will be broadcast by the University's own station, CKUA, from 8:30 until 10 o'clock Monday evening.

Original Play
The feature of the program will be an original play, "The Pig of Epicurus," written especially for the occasion by Dr. W. G. Hardy, of the Classics Department, and directed by Mrs. Elizabeth Sterling Haynes.

Members of the cast include Miss Marie Hansen, Miss Kathleen Beach, Miss Hazel Sutherland, Mr. Lawrence Alexander, and Mr. Charles Sweetlove.

The Billimirey lecture will be given by Dr. W. H. Alexander of the Classics Department.

DEAD!

The petition for the deposition of the present student government has apparently died a natural death. At press time Friday it was reported that as yet nine more names were needed before the necessary number of fifty was obtained.

Unless the petition is presented within the next few days to Ted Bishop, Union President, there is little likelihood of a special meeting of the Union being called before Christmas.

PHILHARMONIC NOTICE

There will be an additional practice for the orchestra and chorus Saturday, Dec. 7, at 1:30 p.m. The orchestra will meet in Convocation Hall, and the chorus in 158 Med. As the time of the "Mikado" performance is drawing dangerously near, the members of the society can co-operate splendidly if everyone can turn out for each practice promptly on time.

Gateway Radio Edition

Negotiations are at present under way with Mr. E. A. Corbett of the University Extension Department for a daily news broadcast to be arranged by The Gateway, and to be released over the Foothills Network, commencing early in the new year.

Arrangements are being carried out by The Public Relations Department.

The Foothills Network consists of three stations, CKUA in Edmonton, CFAC in Calgary, and CJOC in Lethbridge, and has a province-wide coverage.

lic," Mr. Cameron went on to say, "is the supposition that librarians must have a chance to read all the books—being there all day—but that is just a delusion."

So, students, don't expect your librarian to know too much, to have read from Robinson Crusoe to Abnormal Psychology.

Invitation Extended
Mr. Cameron extends an invitation to all those interested in library work to come and see him.

Band Members, Attention!

Due to the fact that the C.O.T.C. band music has been mislaid or destroyed, it will be necessary to purchase all new music. This has delayed practices, and since it is now so near Xmas exams, practices will not commence until after the holiday.

Any person knowing of the whereabouts of the C.O.T.C. band music, please get in touch with Geo. W. Robertson immediately. Phone 31335.

Happy Days Are in Sight Again as Council Moves To Hold Formals Overtown

Members Act With United Concert in Drafting Plans for Future Formals

PROWSE AND WHITTAKER

Engineering Society Awarded Undergraduate Dance Over C.O.T.C. Bid

By Paul Malone

Happy days are in sight again! Acting with united concerted action at a meeting in St. Joseph's College Wednesday evening—the first in a month—the Students' Council paved the way for holding of University formal dances at the Macdonald Hotel.

In awarding the Undergraduate Dance to the Engineering Society, the Council members, spurred on by Councillors Whittaker and Prowse, added a proviso that will seek permission from the authorities to stage formals in more commodious quarters than are available on the campus.

Four Sought Undergrad

Four organizations sought the right to stage the Undergrad. The prize finally fell to the Engineering Society after it was divulged that prime claim of the C.O.T.C. lay in possession of new uniforms which they decided to put on public view at a formal dance.

Most of the interesting discussion at the meeting centered around the Undergraduate dance.

Lieut. J. Poole Present

However, Lieut. Poole somewhat mollified the statement by telling the schoolboy that seniors will be allowed special privileges when tickets for the Undergrad are being sold.

One thing the present Council can never be properly accused of—rushing legislation. For one solid hour the councillors considered an amendment to the building reserve fund, and finally hoisted the matter to another meeting by appointing a committee to bring in a concise report for the next meeting. The committee, appointed by President Bishop, consists of Chancellor Robert Brown, chairman; Bruce Whittaker and Barney Ringwood.

The Rally and Student Extension Departments have new names. Acting on the suggestion of J. Harper Prowse, the local Taber boy who made good at Varsity, the Council authorized changing of the titles to the Publicity Department and the Public Relations Department respectively.

Ringwood Speaks

During the period that the meeting was open for discussion on the matter, Brian Ringwood, the Literary Society Mogul, suggested a motion that both departments be abolished, but nothing came of it. His confrere, Secretary Jack Garrett, read the Encyclopedia Britannica for most of the evening.

The question of the levying of a uniform compulsory class fee was referred to a committee for consideration. Appointed from the president's chair, the body consists of Margery MacKenzie, chairman; Harper Prowse and George Casper.

The latter, after pouring over the constitution for most of the evening, startled the assembly shortly after 10:00 p.m. by announcing that most of the motions passed during the course of the evening were unconstitutional, but the matter was ironed out to the satisfaction of all.

Fees Paid

With little delay, the meeting ratified payment of Exchange Student Kenneth Roth's Students' Union fees.

The press and Brian Ringwood clashed briefly when the latter prepared to play the Varsity Cheer Song for the edification of those present on a portable phonograph. However, fur failed to fly when both sides displayed restraint.

E. E. Bishop, W.H., was appointed University of Alberta delegate to the conference of National Federation of Canadian University Student officials to be held at Kingston in Christmas week. The matter was a mere formality, as it is understood that presidents of Students' Unions automatically represent their respective universities.

Prowse Heard From

J. Prowse championed the cause of athletes in the brief "new business" period following completion of business on the agenda. He seeks compensation for injured athletes who are hurt while playing for Varsity.

Following drafting of a lengthy resolution, the meeting was informed that the matter is under consideration by University authorities, and it is possible that an insurance scheme will be arranged through the Medical Services Fund.

The meeting adjourned shortly before 11:00 p.m.

PROMENADE BRILLIANT SUCCESS

Jungle Proves Excellent Setting For Junior Prom

The highlight of the Varsity social season, the Junior Prom, was a brilliant success Friday evening, when 360 graduates and undergraduates made merry to the music of two orchestras in Athabasca Hall.

The setting, the interior of darkest Africa, lent itself to an amazing amount of realistic settings, with grass huts, native chieftains, dusky maidens and wild beasts used to convert Athabasca Hall into a veritable jungleland.

Art Thomson, president of the Junior Class, received the guests along with Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Wallace, Dr. and Mrs. MacEachran and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fisher.

Members of the executive responsible for the staging of the Prom are: Margaret Irving, Lorne Maddin, Maureen Hamilton, Katherine Moore, Hugh Hughes and Clair Malcolm. Decorations were arranged by Jack Cawston and Paddy MacDonald.

The entrance to Athabasca Hall was for the occasion, camouflaged to represent the gates of a gigantic stockade, while places of rendezvous in the hall were in the form of the heads of wild animals of the jungle. The orchestra platform was located in one corner and was surrounded by jungle grass and palm trees.

One of the principal wall decorations was an enormous camp-fire around which several savages danced, while several colored spotlights lent an eerie aspect to the whole setting.

Mort Rael and his orchestra and the Varsity Dance Band supplied the music during the evening, the Varsity band during the first supper. Queenie Jackson Bouvette, popular Canadian Radio Commission blues singer, was featured with Mort Rael's organization.

An entire hour of music was picked up by the microphone of CFRN broadcast to their wide listening audience, during the course of the evening. Paul Malone and Gordon Shilabeer, staff announcer of the popular over-town station, presided at the microphone.

OLD WAR PLANES MAKE APPEARANCE

This week sees the removal of two war trophies that have been concealed in the depths of the South Lab since New Year's Day, 1920. They are two aeroplanes—a Curtiss 1918 model and a Fokker D-VII 1918 model. Few students knew of their presence excepting Engineers. The Federal Government gave them as war trophies, and as such they were partly dismantled to make room for them.

Now due to cramped space in the lab the trophies are to be transferred to one of the vacant agricultural buildings, where they will probably sink again into oblivion. Particularly is the Fokker of interest with its camouflage and ominous black crosses on the wings. Red tape does not allow the complete dismantling of the planes.

I SAW THIS WEEK

Art Thompson taking time off from the Prom activities to take a co-ed to Tuck.

Larry Alexander on one of his regular visits to Picardy, this time with a graduate from the University—Lois Whitty.

Jim Stafford "outside" the Tri Delt House.

R. Samuels seeking some more hot news stories for The Gateway to scoop.

An Editor of The Gateway leaving hurriedly—destination unknown.



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OFF-THE-CAMPUS FORMALS?

By the time most of you are reading this editorial, another Junior Prom will have come and gone, earning for itself the title of the best Prom yet held and all the rest. Now comes an announcement that we have long awaited. At their last session the Students' Council awarded the privilege of sponsoring the Undergrad to the Engineering Society. With this award they gave the strong recommendation that the permission of the Provost be solicited to hold the dance in an overtown hall, preferably the Macdonald Hotel. Such a move has long been advocated by The Gateway as the only possible outcome of the rapid increases in the registration at the University. For some years now the formal dances have been very crowded, and just recently it has been necessary to limit the ticket sale. When tickets are limited a preference list must be prepared, preference being given to the class or club sponsoring the dance. It is apparent that there is grave danger of these formal dances becoming purely class or club functions, non-members being in the minority. The only possible way to prevent this from happening is to take formal dances overtown, where there will be room for all students who wish to attend.

Athabasca Hall was an ideal place for dances in the younger days of the University, but now that space is at a premium, and dance committees can't do themselves justice due to lack of accommodation, this break away from the campus seems to be the best solution. If the Provost gives his consent there will be no need in the future to cut down on attendance at formal affairs, and bigger and better dances may be expected. We commend the Council on their action in broaching the matter at this most appropriate time.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

There seems to be a perpetual cry around the University these days—Abolish the Students' Union, abolish the Enforcement Committee, abolish this, abolish that, and once again the cry echoes and re-echoes, abolish the C.O.T.C. This action against the C.O.T.C. is annual in action, for every year about this time some brilliant student gets the idea that the University would look, oh, so much nicer if it didn't have a bunch of half-grown youths masquerading around in uniforms, carrying guns on their shoulders. The instigators are not original though. Word comes from the University of Saskatchewan that at the last Students' Union meeting a motion was made that the C.O.T.C. of that University be abolished. This is just one step farther than we have ever gone in Alberta, and what effect the news will have remains to be seen.

However much certain individuals cry out against this teaching of children to play the game of war, C.O.T.C. has a certain purpose in this University and it fulfills that purpose to the best of its abilities. Every entrant to University is required to take a course in Physical Education. At present the course is divided into two sections—PT or C.O.T.C. It must be realized that the choice is the students' which course they take, some preferring PT to keep fit, others intend to enter the army and so naturally wish to gain a foundation on which to build a career. Necessarily the methods and information are rather patchy, but what more could be expected. The truth of the matter is that there is in the University a number of lily-livered pacifists who would fight for peace, but who object to boys gaining first hand information on how to defend themselves and their country in event of war. No one is asking these individuals to join the C.O.T.C.—indeed, the C.O.T.C. is better off without them—so why in heaven's name can't they leave the organization room and let it serve its purpose.

The other side of the question is the fact that many people consider it a waste of time to keep oneself physically fit, a waste of time to learn a little about self-defence on the battlefield. C.O.T.C. is called a waste of time, money and energy on the part of all concerned. Be that as it may, we contend that you will have to go a long way before you will find any two courses that so satisfactorily fill the requirements of the University students who really care.

VANDALISM

Elsewhere in this issue appears a letter from Brother Memoriam, rector of St. Joseph's College, bringing a few unpleasant facts before the Students' Council. It is indeed unfortunate that incidents such as those mentioned have occurred, and we hesitate to lay any direct



Bellhop (after guest has rung for ten minutes)—Did you ring, sir?
Guest—No, I was only tolling. I thought you were dead.

We sell no trash
We sell for cash
To trust is very risky;
And he who trusts,
And never busts,
Puts water in his whiskey.

Dionnes Eclipsed by Octuplet Family

Quite a stir was created in the Child Psychology class on Saturday morning when one of the students learned that he was the proud daddy of octuplets, this smashing the Dionne record of five, and Alec's record of six pups and one Science freshman.

When interviewed by the Journal, Dr. Daphooey, the children's physician, stated that all nine (including Yvonne, Ytwo, Ythree, Yfour, Yfive, Ysix, Yseven, Yeight and their proud paternal father) were doing very nicely.

Professor McDonald has assumed temporary guardianship of the children.—Queen's Journal.

In the lobby of one of our sorority houses Thursday night sat two young men waiting for their dates to come down stairs. During the interval the telephone rang and one of them answered it.

"Is this the So-and-So pixie pen?" said a voice.

"Yes," came the answer, "yes, indeed."

"Well, let me speak to Miss Johnston."

"I'm sorry, but Miss Johnston is taking a bath right now and she hasn't any clothes on," then, leering into the phone: "HAVE you, honey?"

The young man's body was found three days later in the Saskatchewan river. (Let's see. Friday, Saturday, Sunday. That would make it tomorrow night. Quick work, Mr. Holmes.)

Two Contributions by "Holly Leaves"

A handsome man, some sparkling wine,
A shady nook, some berries fine,
And every miss'll toe the line!"

"Who," gasped the platinum blonde as the gunmen forced her into the waiting car, "will save me from a death worse than fate."

Thanks for the contributions, Holly. We liked the negro story especially, but you know how these censors are.

It's no wonder Casserole is dead. You should see how the editor kills all our good jokes. (We would like to bet that not one person reading this column will fail to make a dirty crack about any Casserole stories being either "good" or "jokes.")

She was being taken around the golf course by her boy friend. It was the first time she had pulled up. As they approached the flag on the last green he pulled up. "By Jove," he exclaimed, "a dead stymie!" The girl gazed about her. "Where?" she asked seriously. "I rather thought there was a funny smell around here."

Abraham was passing away and around him were grouped the members of his family. Presently his lips were seen to move, and his dutiful wife Rachel bent down to catch his words.

"Are all our children here, Mamma?"

"Yes, Poppa."

"Is Izzy, and Beckie, and Solly and Mox here?" queried the dying man.

"Yes, Poppa, we're all here and listening," sobbed the family.

"Oy! I'm not dead and already yet they are neglecting the store," moaned the old man as he turned his face to the wall.

The colored man was condemned to be hanged, and was awaiting the time set for execution in a Mississippi jail. Since all other efforts had failed him, he addressed a letter to the Governor, with a plea for executive clemency. The opening paragraph left no doubt as to his urgent need:

"Dear Boss: 'The white folks is got me in dis jail fixin' to hang me on Friday morning and here it is Wednesday already."

charges, but there has been entirely too much of this petty thievery and vandalism prevalent in the residences and affiliated colleges of the University. A certain type of student thinks that the best possible way of having a good time is to appropriate signboards, notices, anything loose that happens to be lying around. This may be all very well—it shows spirit, or maybe spirits—but these students should stop to realize that these articles he is taking have cost money and belong to someone else. He is guilty of theft. It might be possible to overlook matters like showcards, etc., but when things reach such a state of affairs that a valuable table is taken away, not to mention other articles, something must be done. We have not at the present any remedy for this type of thieving, but there is no doubt that a remedy will be found.

VISITING
VARIOUS
VARSITIES

A Vocational Guidance Department
"Can Save Years of Lives"

These biting words were written about a particular university, but they hold good for the vast majority of our schools today. The universities offer courses to train an individual for all sorts of occupations and in addition offer him course after course that is designed to build up his cultural background. But seldom, if ever, do they give him any assistance in solving one of the foremost problems with which he is faced—that of deciding his vocation.

If all the universities of our country gave this very essential help to the students, either through a vocational guidance director or by some other special interest placed on choosing vocations, they would as Mann stated, "save a hundred years of wasted lives every year." Yet most of our universities are content to carry on the educational system in medieval fashion, and permitting the students to struggle through college without ever giving a thought to the relationship of life and work after they get out into the world.

There is little reason why the university cannot employ a man who would be qualified to fill this position. It is true, however, that no one man would be able to find time to give help to all of the students who need it, and there is no one man who could speak authoritatively about all vocations. Nevertheless, he could be the head of a department to which students could come. After a general discussion, he could direct the student to other individuals in the university who would be able to talk more specifically about various occupations.

There are numerous persons on campus who have received training in this field of guidance and are qualified to assist a general head of a vocational department. They have other duties on campus and would be unable to devote all of their time to this new service, but they would have definite office hours when they could interview students.

Surely the university is financially able to employ one man to help solve a very serious problem. There are men on campus who can assist in this work. We crave action!—Daily Northwestern.

Coleman Minister (at baptism of baby): "His name, please?"
Mother: "Rondolph Morgan Montgomery Alfred Van Christopher McGoo!"
Minister (to assistant): "A little more water, please."

Melancolie Du Soir

Je marche dans le soir d'un pas
melancolique . . .
L'ombre amère défilait le sourire du
jour . . .
On croirait qu'on entend mourir une
musique . . .
Je me'enfuis de la ville, où j'ai perdu
l'Amour.

Vers mon beau lac figé du baiser de
la lune . . .
Petit lac argenté, bordé de nénuphars,
Petit lac étoilé de quelques lis épars,
Je viens dans tes flots gris noyer mon
infortune!

J'approche du vieux bac enlacé par les
joncs . . .
Il m'invite à rêver par son air d'aban-
don . . .
Le charme de la paix commence à
m'enivrer . . .

A mon cher lac, tout bas, je redis ma
souffrance:
L'étoile en s'y mirant, me chante
l'Espérance
Et dans mon coeur nouveau réveille le
désir . . .

—Quartier Latin.

The other night a student returned to his rooming house the worse for too much gin. He sat wearily on the bed and started to prepare himself of his night's rest and fell asleep trying to remove one of his shoes. Seeing this his roommate, who was hovering about in the background, turned off the lights. Two or three minutes later the inebriated one opened his eyes and began to shriek that he was blind.—Manitoban.

Appreciate the Professor

One often feels sympathy for the poor professor in our western universities. He prepares an excellent lecture, comes to class, and delivers it to a silent class. Clever little turns, colorful words, that he introduces into his lectures, receive no response. After taking great pains to make his lesson interesting and amusing, he receives no sign that the class have appreciated his endeavours. Students sit before him, row after row, unsmiling and unresponsive.

In England and Scotland, we are told, there is a different atmosphere in the classroom. Brilliant lecturing is answered with hand claps and murmurs of congratulation as at a public debate or musical. The professor who takes pains to prepare a clever and interesting lecture is partly rewarded for his work by the response given by the class. He does not feel that he is speaking to a dull and inanimate group of mummies.

If the students here and in our other Canadian universities were to carry over this tradition of the British universities, it might make lectures a more pleasant experience for both professor and student. The professor would feel that his efforts were appreciated, and that he was talking to anything but an inanimate class. It would then seem worth while to prepare a good lecture.

Next time that a professor teaches a good lecture or inserts in it an interesting or amusing comment, it might be appreciated if the students were to give some applause. It is worth trying.—The Sheaf.



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Edmonton, Nov. 30, 1935.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Would it be too much to ask for a few lines to express some opinions gathered at the Interyear Plays on Friday last.

As to the Frosh play, it was better than years, and wasn't the professor cute? It was rather unfortunate when one of the actors mixed his lines with those of another, but it was more unfortunate still that the audience couldn't let them slide over the mistake gracefully. The love scenes were not too convincing—but speaking of love scenes, that in the Soph play had most of the audience writhing in their seats. But the play was very enjoyable, and Judd Bishop as Homo was exceptionally good (the pansy).

The Junior play was very gripping, and the stage setting was most effective. Orchids to Doug Burke and his assistants for all the work they did for three short hours. Without a doubt, Harper, Prowse and Kay Beach were excellent. That laugh of Grismond was so natural! But the play tended slightly to drag, which is a hard thing to avoid in such a production.

Coming to the Senior play. In our opinion it certainly earned the shield. It was gripping throughout, and the setting and lighting were again very effective. That Irish accent was certainly a finishing touch to a very good production. The play ended with a bang, although one of the stage managers at the back of the hall nearly had a fit as he thought the curtain was stuck or something. Certainly orchids are due to Mr. Robin Ritchie and Miss Betty Mason.

The original intention in starting this letter was to express disgust at the way people arrive at eight-forty when the play was scheduled to start (and did) at eight-fifteen. Fortunately the ushers kept these many late arrivals at the rear, but just the same it creates a disturbance for the rest of the audience and the cast.

But on the whole, it was an enjoyable evening.

Thank you.

—J. D.

Edmonton, Dec. 2, 1935.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Recently in The Gateway columns I noticed a number of paragraphs in French which, after careful translation, appear to be in the form of jokes. This, I believe, is an excellent innovation.

A very well known radio comedian once explained to his enthusiastic audience that all his jokes were merely the ones of years back appearing in a more modern form. It appears that you, too, have unwittingly discovered another means for the conversion of our time-worn anecdotes into a more acceptable form.

May I suggest that hereafter all jokes appearing in The Gateway be in some language other than English? Picture to yourself how mirth-provoking some of the hoary gags appearing in Casserole would be if printed in Greek or Latin!

—W. P. G.

November 19, 1935.

Mr. T. Bishop,
President Students' Union,
University of Alberta,
Edmonton.

Dear Mr. Bishop:

For your information and that of your associates in the Students' Council, I thought it best to set before you a number of unpleasant little incidents that have happened about the College since the beginning of the fall term. But before doing so, I would like to assure you that I have not a shred of evidence to show that these were traceable to University students, within or without the College. I should perhaps add that there is no suggestion that the Students' Council should take action in the matter. I merely thought it would be best for them to have some official knowledge of the occurrences.

The first incident of any importance to attract my attention was the removing of the dining-room door from its hinges four weeks ago Sunday morning at 2:30 o'clock. The persons who did it proceeded to the kitchen where they rummaged among the silverware and dishes. What they removed is very hard to determine. A week ago last Sunday a table in the students' living-room, valued at some \$20.00, was removed and has not been seen since. Last Sunday night a set of horns, said to be valuable, was removed from their bracket, likewise in the living-room. The person who removed them must have feared that he was being watched, since he threw them down in a corner, where they were found this morning. Of course, there has been a recurrence of removing electric bulbs and ash trays. The whole thing, besides being costly, is very unpleasant, and there is very little that one can do about it. It is neither feasible nor advisable to close these parts of the house to all save residents of the house. Perhaps the only thing we can do is to try to create a sound public opinion among the student body against a certain type of practical joke that is costly to the victim without benefitting the performer to any great extent. It is, however, my opinion, as I suggested at the beginning of this letter, that there is a possibility that the students of the University are in no way connected with these thefts in this or in the other University residences. So many people, other than the students, have access to these places that it is reasonable to presume that some of them may be lacking in honesty.

Thanking you and your associates for giving this letter your consideration, and wishing you a very successful year in handling student affairs at the University of Alberta, I am,

Yours very cordially,
BROTHER MEMORIAM,
Rector.

The faculty here have started a yell section of their own. Here is their famous yell:

Raw, raw, raw,
Jaw, jaw, jaw,
We'll flunkem all
Haw, haw, haw.

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U. of A. Student Tells of Summer Experiences Abroad

By Antony N. Whiteside

I did not stop long in Cologne, as I was anxious to get on to Göttingen, so after a few days I took the train to what is possibly the most picturesque town in Hannover.

On arriving at Göttingen, when I got out of the station, I thought I must have got on the wrong train and landed up in Italy somewhere. The first sight that meets one is a large botanical garden similar to those in Riviera towns. I was at a loss as to which way to go in order to get down town, so I put my grips in the check-room and walked out to the left. Of course, it was the wrong direction, and I walked in circles for over an hour, finally landing back at the station. However, I had located a suitable hotel in my wanderings, so I hailed a taxi, piled my grips in, and told the man to drive me to the hotel. Well, he went to the right and landed me at the hotel in less than three minutes! Oh, well, one learns by experience, and he only charged me fifty pfening!

Göttingen is a most delightful little university town, full of quaint old houses dating back to the fifteenth century. Just at present it is somewhat defaced by hundreds of the most lurid anti-Jewish and anti-Catholic posters—however, one gets used to that sort of thing after a while.

My stay in Göttingen was particularly interesting from several angles. In the first place, I was fortunate enough to have a friend there who is a professor at the University, and through whom I had the pleasure of meeting Professor Martzins, head of the world-famous Frauenklinik (Clinic for Women's Diseases and Maternity), and so I spent several very interesting and profitable days around the clinics. The University and clinic buildings at Göttingen are very fine indeed, and the hospitals are most up-to-date. The students there live on amazingly little, and it is possible to get a room (with-out board) in a private house for the equivalent of \$2.50 per month! Food is very cheap and beer costs around 16 cents a litre. There is a number of the most fascinating little old-fashioned Bierstuben, where one sits down at

long, well-scrubbed deal tables, eats extraordinarily well and extraordinarily cheaply, and says "malzeit" on sitting down and on leaving the table. These places are very popular with the students, and when a gay crowd gathers in one, a lot of fun can be had. No one has any money, but everyone is full of good spirits, good beer and gaiety.

While in Göttingen I had the distinction of being followed by a member of the secret police. After a day or so I knew I was being followed, and managed to spot the man who was trailing me, so, about the third day, I pointed this man out to a friend of mine who lived in Göttingen and asked her who he was. "Oh," she said, "that man is one of our secret police!" so I thanked her and let it go at that. I found out later that he reason was that the University were building a large wind-tunnel for testing aeroplanes, and so all foreigners were under strict surveillance. In fact, I kept my friends in a continual state of nervousness by visiting them with a camera over my shoulder; you see, they lived right opposite this aeronautical building and had already seen several innocent persons arrested, and so were scared stiff that I would be the next.

After a week in Göttingen I decided to see some friends of mine in Berlin, so I bade fond farewell to my friends—oh, well, let's skip that. Anyway, when I got to Berlin at around 11:30 p.m., I was very sorry I had left Göttingen. I think that the good Lord's angels must have been washing the floors in Heaven after the last fifty million entrants' having neglected to wipe their shoes on entering the pearly gates; anyway, whatever was going on up there (and I don't suppose I'll ever find out!), the fact remains that the German capital was being inundated with a steady downpour of dirty brown-colored rain. Berlin is bad enough in the sunshine, so my first impressions of the city were not very uplifting.

The first peculiar thing that I noticed on leaving the Potsdamer station was that the whole place seemed to be overrun with Jews, which was somewhat surprising, after not having seen a Jew hitherto. Apparently there are some 150,000 Jews in Berlin, who have migrated there from smaller towns in Germany, where an isolated Jew's existence is not made exactly easy or happy.

After two days of moping around cafes and the odd gallery, waiting for the rain to stop, the sun finally decided to work, and so I was able to wander around and see things in a bit better light. Of course, like any other large European city, Berlin has some very fine buildings and monuments, but somehow I was not so impressed—whether it was the atmosphere of the place or what, I cannot say. The much talked-of Unter den Linden was all under repair, half the big buildings were closed, the famous lime trees themselves were coated with mud from the recent rain; apart from that, it really is a remarkably fine thoroughfare, enormously wide and straight, with some very fine museums and other large buildings along each side. The Unter den Linden leads from the Domplatz, which is a magnificent square in front of the Cathedral, one of the finest buildings in Berlin.

Perhaps the best part of Berlin is the gardens in front of the Reichstag, a very fine, but now dreary-looking building, since it has not been touched since it was so mysteriously burned out a while ago. In the middle of the

gardens stands the Siegesmönument, which is an enormous column, topped by a gilt angel of victory; round the base of this is a remarkable mosaic work depicting war scenes from the middle of last century up to the present day. I would hate to try and guess how many hundreds of thousands of little pieces of tiling have been put into that work—it would be a great stunt for a drunk to walk round and round counting them!

One of the most interesting streets to me was Hermann Goering Strasse, where apparently all the important gentlemen of the Nazi Government live. It is lined with large houses which stand some way back from the street, most of which are hidden from view by large walls (all very new), guarded by steel-helmeted black-uniformed Schutzstaffel with fixed bayonets. A few of the houses are fronted by their original high steel railings, through which can be seen a second defence line of fully armed guards; believe me, Huey Long had nothing on Hitler and his ministers as far as bodyguards go! I suppose it is really unfair to speak so disappointedly of Berlin, because actually it is a very fine city. However, the Prussian element is so totally different from the gay and carefree western German or Bavarian that the air of solemn gloom which seems to pervade it, rather takes the joy out of things.

AMERICAN SCENE

In the geographical heart of that noisy, strident manufacturing city, Detroit, two beautiful Grecian buildings, each occupying a city block, contemplate each other across Woodward avenue. One is the Detroit Public Library, the other the Detroit Art Museum.

In the Art Museum are the famous Riviera murals. Climb the broad marble outer steps, pass through the magnificent brass doors, up three more broad steps, a few paces—and there, before one, with their huge sprawling nudes, their marvellous blues and vermilion, their mass of factory interiors, are the murals. A high rectangular room with only a fountain playing in the centre, and four stone benches. For the rest, four walls, painted in flaming searching colors, and alive with grotesque, distorted figures and painted machinery. The effect upon one is disturbing, protesting, tumultuous and exhilarating.

In New York they painted over the Riviera murals, shocked and apologetic. Detroit, free and confident, finding the reason for her being in engines, airplanes, turbines and power-houses, and the mass of her conglomerate humanity identified with these mechanisms, glories in the murals.

Forming a frieze around the high walls, and marvellously lit with indirect colored lights, colossal half-sprawling nudes with low foreheads and bestial chins, suggesting things primitive, racial and profound, seem to be just awakening to consciousness. They are not wholly brute, for some expressions seem to suggest "A man most anxious for eternity, and others, the wistful despair of Markham's 'Man With the Hoe'."

Below the frieze, realism, with frank and challenging distortions, is triumphant. Factory interiors, with engines and gadgets of every sort, are minutely depicted, and hundreds of factory workers, life size and of every race and type, are revealed. White, yellow and black races work shoulder to shoulder; Russian, Swede, Italian, French, Irish and English are recognizable; men and women, all merged with and one with the machines they run. The time-keeper and the big boss are there, too, white-collared, but obviously sprung from the groups of workers.

In the great quiet room, with only the music of the fountain and the barbaric colored walls, reflection gives a pause. Enthusiasm for art remains, but—this marvellous building, these paintings themselves, the great city without—the whole American scene, with its confidence and gaiety, the freest and fairest, surely, that mankind has yet known—how had all these become possible, save through Liberty and Difference? Liberty of thought the right to exercise ability and command, freedom of competition, pence in any channel? Will regimentation, crowd identification, mergence of all types conditioned towards a common end, subservience to a mechanical Frankenstein, have anything ultimate for the human spirit?

We have emerged from the medieval slime; these Riviera murals with their gigantic imagination are eloquent of the variety with which we have emerged. Shall we now lose our selves in a "peon of ecstasy" to the Machine?

FEATURE

Gaily he offers
Packets of merchandise.

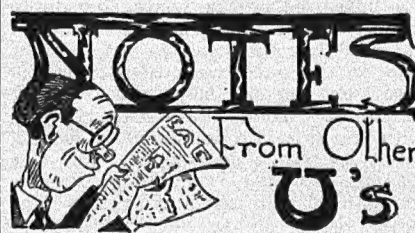
He's a harlequin of illusions,
His nimble features
Skip into smiles, like rainbows
Cheating the villagers.

But in his heart all the while is another knowledge,
The sorrow of the bleakness of the long wet winter night.

—A PEDLAR.

Oscar Wilde collected china-blue china—his rooms at Magdalen were full of exquisite blue pieces. He had a taste for art and wrote poetry that shocked people, who, incidentally, bought his poems. He was one of the "aesthetes" of his day—wore a velvet coat, knee-breeches, loose shirt with turned down collar and flowing tie. One of Ruskin's "ardent young men," he could be seen on a cold English November morning, breaking stones on the highway for Ruskin. Bitter, passionate, ardent, Wilde is one of the brightest writers of our language.

When the play is dull and the actors listless, why not ring down the curtain? Is self-destruction such a sin? There is an old Chinese saying, "When one cannot live honorably, one can die honorably." There is respect for the person who sees things as they are, and not through "twisty windows." The martyr, enduring great burdens, by which his soul might be enriched, is not a happy figure. How much better is it to live while here—and when things come to a standstill and laughter dies, march out, head high and unfearing.



Whiskers Flourish in Law College Struggle

The Law Library is rapidly coming to resemble a trappers' meeting-house as all first year students who have previously been shaving progress in their one-week strike. The Law Freshmen have instituted this beard-growing contest to relieve the humdrum existence, unbroken by Christmas exams or by initiations, which they have hitherto been leading.

Each student has contributed a certain amount to the Beard Fund, and has promised not to shave for the week ending this Saturday. At that time the second and third year members of the School will decide which Fresh has the most repulsive-looking beard, and the Beard Fund will be turned over to him.

Bitter complaints were made by Freshmen who did not shave anyway, upon being dunned for Fund contributions, while feeling runs high against those contestants who are under the impression that a week consists of eleven days.

On being asked for comments, Sally remarked that the Lawyers seem a disappointing lot.—The Sheaf.

Houdini remained under water for four minutes and sixteen seconds in a public test.

When he was challenged to competition by various swimming champions, the great magician set this record for submersion.

In the course of his career, he made an elephant vanish from a stage (without the use of trap doors), escaped from coffins, boilers, glass boxes, strait jackets, and from the carcass of a sewed-up whale.

However, in all the years of his life, he never solved the trick of washing behind his ears. His wife always found it necessary to perform this duty for the thirty odd years of their association.—Golden Gater.

In a short time now your baker will offer you new kinds of bread which he learned to make at the schools held in the big flour mills in Minneapolis. There's a bread that's mixed with chocolate malted milk so that it tastes pretty much like a fountain drink, and there's a bread that's been mixed with orange juice so that you can eat it for breakfast and forget about the fruit. Other new breads have been successfully mixed with fresh bananas, pimento cheese, peanut butter, apricots, pineapple and prunes.—"Life."

The kiss is a triumph of civilization rather than a natural form of expression.

This conclusion is reached in an exhaustive treatise published by the Prussian Academy of Science. It studies closely the kiss, ancient and modern, of all civilizations, and states that the ancient Egyptians declared a kiss, in propitious circumstances, to be as refreshing as the sweetest potion.

In ancient China the kiss was totally unknown, and even today the Chinese have difficulty in finding a suitable word for it.

The original "joining of lips," states the report, "has in the western world of today become the eating of makeup."—Chicago Herald.

No wonder they call women the "weaker sex"! "Our skulls get denser as we grow older," says Biochemist Hector Mortimer, "and the condition is ten times more common in women than in men!"—Golden Gater.

A La Carte
I like to dine on cream and squab
And take my coffee dark and sweet;
I dote on music with my meals,
I'm glad the times are so effete.

I could not dally with a fork
If things were as they used to be,
I marvel at my own good taste
In picking out this century.

I could not live this life of ease
Were I a Ghibelline or Guelph—
I dearly love a coddled egg,
It's so symbolic of Myself!
—Persis Greely Anderson.

FANTASIE DECORATIVE

By Fraser P. Macdonald

Let me dance with the northern lights,
And turn a handspring over the moon!
Let me sail the clouds aloft like kites,
And eat the Alps with a silver spoon!

I sit in the arms of the sun
And watch the planets driving round,
Venus and Pluto and everyone,
Soaring past without a sound.

Let me fly to the edge of infinity
And build me there a hut,
And worship my own divinity,
My own,—no matter what!

For I belong to the endless spaces,—
My floor is the cosmic sky,
And there is no room in smaller places
For anyone wild as I!

Mental Peregrinations

By Butch Maguire

So the Premier wouldn't see the Varsity scribes and newsreel men, eh? Maybe his bodyguard looked them over through the peephole, and decided they might be naughty men come to assassinate the head of the government. Better send some female reporters next time; they couldn't conceal any lethal weapons in their clothes.

Why are the lawyers "humbly praying" for a general meeting to consider abolishing the Students' Union? Do they think there is a graft and they're not in on it. . . . Too bad, boys, but after you graduate you'll have plenty of opportunities.

We notice that Percival Hodnut has returned from the outer darkness with his usual style slightly modified. We trust he will not object to our using the kingly pronouns when speaking of ourselves, that used to be his sole prerogative. However, to steal a little more of Percy's thunder, he Hudnot better get tough with us Maguires.

We are not a chemist, but this article about two kinds of oxygen is just allotropic (joke) to us. If Dr. Walker didn't waste a year on us, we are sure we have heard of several kinds of oxygen before. Maybe Dr. Dole's is new kind.

Darn this weather anyway! Why doesn't it snow a foot or so. The skiing and skating are non est. Maybe it's due to these sunspots that are busily shooting cosmic rays at us. By the way, these sunspots are large enough to be visible without a telescope if you have some dark glasses. We tried to examine them, but the beer kept dripping in the Maguire optic, so we gave it up. Even if we didn't see them, we had a spot anyway.

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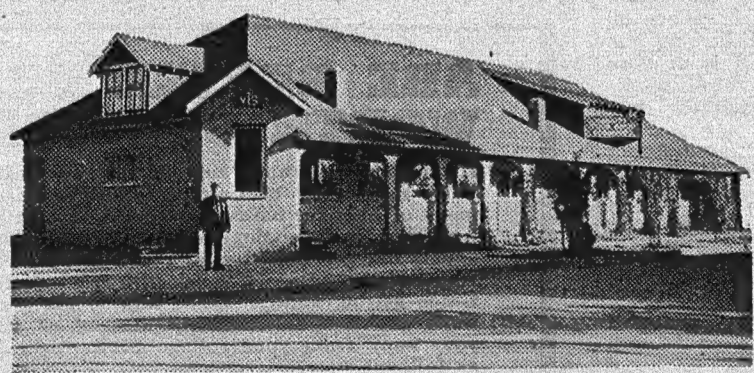
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SEAWEED

No impish verse, no saucy pun has been washed up from the briny depths to fall upon our receptive ears. So this column will have to be as a dinner without cocktails.

Far across those briny deeps lies China, land of strife and of teeming, wretched millions. A land which years ago could inspire the sweetness of the tale of Marco Polo and Little Golden Bells and which suffered the unappeasable cruelties of its rulers, heirs of the rights of ancient dynasties.

Once upon a time, there was an Empress whose immensely long name contained fifty-six Chinese letters. Each of these letters spelled out a tale of blood and disaster to China, and this horror is inextricably bound up with the sweet, haunting strains of the Barcarolle. For thirty years the notes of this universally beloved song were written in notes of blood.

To tell the tale properly, let us cross half of the earth's surface and turn back a number of years in time. In Europe, there was a being who, even as a small boy, had been passionately fond of music. Best of all the lullabies his mother sang to him he loved the few beginning strains of an unknown song. He begged for more, but she knew just those few bars which were burned indelibly into her son's consciousness.

This lad grew to be a famous composer, but all his music, all the other operas could not drive those maddeningly few notes from Offenbach's mind. To find the rest of that song became a mania with him. Restlessly, always driven on, he searched the world over for his composer. Finally, he heard that a man named Rudolph Zimmer lived in the lower West Side of New York. Tense and eager, he discovered a man who had known Zimmer, but whose news was sad news. The object of his search had been dead for the past fifteen years. Dispirited, he returned to Europe, not considering that the man might have been mistaken.

Strange are the workings of fate, for as he was driving to his home in Vienna an old man fell exhausted in front of his carriage. He cared for him, and the next morning his guest was overjoyed at the sight of so beautiful a piano as was Offenbach's. He was willingly granted his request to

play it, and immediately swung into the strains of the Barcarolle. At last, unexpectedly, astoundingly, the full beauty of the song was poured out to the exquisite joy of his host.

He begged the right to use it in his new opera, but was refused. Zimmer explained that only sorrow had come to him since writing it—the loss of wife and the destruction of property. Offenbach swept aside these objections, and now had the power to make Zimmer famous, but—Zimmer died of shock.

Offenbach used it in his new opera "Tales of Hoffman," confident that it would bring to others enough happiness to make up for the sorrows of its composer. Offenbach died a few days before the opening night of the "Tales of Hoffman"—died on the eve of great fame. All Vienna came to the first presentation to pay tribute; the great, sweet melody was playing, fire broke out, and in one of the worst ravages in Vienna, nine hundred perished.

Now to return to "Old Buddha," as her subjects termed her. Terror surrounded her caused by her insatiable lust for blood and the agony of others. One thing only she loved and that was an old palace built up on a mountain, beside an artificial lake. She determined to build a marble ship in that lake to add to the causes of her delight. As the workmen labored they sang over and over a song, the Barcarolle. Little by little, it seeped into the being of the Empress, never to be forgotten.

She commanded her musicians to learn it and play it incessantly. The fascinated evil creature now could not rest, and tortured her subjects without respite. "Blood, blood, I will have torture, I will show who has power and yet more power; I command you to bring me still more death warrants." Innocence was exterminated excruciatingly. "This music gives me power to destroy, destroy forever."

At last she died in 1908, and the succeeding government made it a criminal offense to play the Barcarolle, and to this day it is unlawful in China. But so deeply had the "Old Buddha" become implanted in the minds of her servants who bowed to the image of terror that, long after, they could still see the old woman signing death warrants. She was bowing to death's own melody, the Barcarolle.

—M. J. F.

RIALTO

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With Ann Rutherford

Disillusioned

I've abandoned the practise of reading. Since all that is written today Puts over a press agent's pleading In a subtle, insidious way. E.g., the last novel I stayed with all night Was just propaganda for love at first sight.

An expert on public relations Has hired all the slaves of the pen, And tells all the best publications Just what they should publish, and when.

If a joke makes you laugh till you think you will bust, It was likely inspired by the pants-button trust.

The fictional gems that inspire you In even the best magazines Are really intended to fire you With zeal to buy bathtubs or beans; And the various poems entitled "To Spring" May be propaganda for any old thing.

You may read, if you want to grow wiser, But be careful, whatever you do, And let no sly proselytizer Put anything over on you. Just say, when you come to the end of a book: "He's clever at that, the press-agenting crook!"

STRAVINSKY IN PODUNK

When the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York invited all listeners in Canada and the United States to participate in a gigantic request program—with a difference, quite a few well-bred eyebrows were raised. In fact, there seemed to be quite a definite murmur about what on earth could the great majority of radio owners, the millions of plain, ordinary, everyday Amos 'n' Andy fans, know about making an intelligent choice of the greatest composers, living and dead? Was the general public capable of thinking beyond the latest rhumbas? What- ever doubts the directors of the society may have had, however, must have quickly vanished as the letters came pouring in—the final count placing Beethoven first among all composers of former times, with Haydn and Brahms following close behind. Perhaps it might be argued that Beethoven was a more or less obvious choice—that it required no great appreciation of music to parrot a name as great as his—but surely there was nothing obvious in the choice of the great Finnish composer, Sibelius, soon to celebrate his seventieth birthday, as the best-loved of all our contemporaries.

Such a decision is evidence of a widespread popular knowledge of symphony music, and would seem a complete vindication of that deep-rooted belief in the general public's intelligent appreciation of that art that has inspired the now famous Boston "Pops" concerts and other similar programs. In spite of the scorn of the ultra-superior Europeans—it would all seem to indicate that the barbaric North Americans do have a definite cultural background and a genuine love of the best.

THE CALICO CAT Parisian Accent?

After months of absolutely nothing to do except speculate as to what on earth the weather would be like next time you ventured forth, we've suddenly come to that awful season of disillusionment when almost any corner that could possibly be turned has a horrible Christmas exam leering out of the shadows. It's all mighty nerve-wracking, to put it mildly—and to add to all the pleasures of the festive season is the knowledge that great-aunt Mathilda, who has managed to get a tight grip on the ancestral purse-strings, is sure to expect something "really thoughtful" from the "dear child"—with the question immediately arising as to how the "dear child" can ever manage to get something "really thoughtful" with assets of twenty-eight cents. It's all so very disconcerting—but then things could be worse. For instance, imagine the feelings of a certain librarian in the children's section of a large metropolitan library when a little colored girl—"not a day older than Shirley Temple," we are assured—asked for a book on cannibalism. She took it away with her, too.

Or consider the plight of the friendly soul who was waiting for the elevator, when another lady and a dog came along—and also started waiting for the elevator. The friendly soul reached down and patted the dog. "Isn't he nice?" she said. "What's his name?" "Click," said the lady. "Oh, I see," murmured the friendly soul, "like the ginger ale." "Not at all," was the very frigid reply. "Like the champagne."

And then there is a certain columnist who always smiles a knowing smile when anyone mentions Terre Haute, because whenever anyone mentions Terre Haute he always thinks of the local junior high school, the Woodrow Wilson Junior High School; how it subscribed to the magazine "Time," and how every week the magazine "Time" arrives addressed to Woodrow Wilson Jr.

And just as a parting stab, or something—higher education seems to be fulfilling its destiny—or whatever it should fulfill. A headline in the Billings Midland Review carries the startling, revolutionary news that "Montana School of Mines Will Start a Mining Course."

The Critic Who Turned

A critic who wrote about music and drama For a large metropolitan sheet, And turned out a survey of art's panorama Consistently bright and complete, Came back to his desk from a concert one night And took out his pencil and started to write:

"A splendid performance was given By the crowd in the orchestra seats, Their coughing was clearer, Their sneezing sincerer Than ever before, They stuck close to the score, Their whispers were musical treats. The ones who came late (Which was all but a few) Did some work that was great As they crashed their way through. Their giggles And giggles And sniggles Were the best that the season has brought.

And the various ushers, Attendants and shushers Were wholly outplayed and outfoiled. In spite of the loud interruptions Of a couple of people who sang, The audience battled With programs that rattled, And carried it off with a bang. The janitor, too, whom I wish to commend, Made the steam-pipes resound from beginning to end."

Then the critic retired for a fortnight of rest, Feeling very much better, with this off his chest.

—KING.

HEALTH AND HISTORY

(Condensed from Scribner's Magazine)
Beverly Nichols

The Kaiser has been spending much of his time, since the war, in chopping logs in his Dutch garden. If he had spent an equal amount of his time chopping logs before the war, there might not have been a war at all.

Health and history! Have you ever thought of the connection between the two? I suppose the most extreme example of all is to be found in the case of Ivan the Terrible, whose unspeakable diseases so maddened his brain that they were the direct cause of endless massacres. If the Girondins had modified their diet the Terror might have come to an end long before its time. If Napoleon had taken a little more exercise, Europe might still be a department of France. And I am quite certain that if all the members of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva had been forced to do a little compulsory gardening every morning, they would have got something done.

If we made it compulsory for all cabinet ministers to dig in a garden for an hour a day, we should be living in a happier world. For you can't work in a garden and want war. You just can't. A gardener is a creator. And as such he knows the infinite pains of nature . . . and, as the years go by, he applies the lessons he learns from the trees and flowers to human society.

Perhaps when you first went into your garden, after a hard week's work in the city, you felt bellicose enough. Perhaps for the first hour or so you snarled, and grunted, and cursed. But after you've had the spade in your hand for a while, peace comes to you. You want everybody on earth to be happy too, to share your joy.

And when the day is done and you sit by the fireside, reading the paper, you were too tired to read in the train, all the scares, the alarms and excursions, the international "sensations" which seemed to you so grave a few hours before, are at last seen in their proper proportions, as a lot of silly bogies raised by men who act like naughty little boys, merely because tired and far removed from their mother—the greatest mother of all, Mother Nature.

Slips That Pass in the Night
"Profs Team to Represent U. at Stock Show — Minnesota Unit Will Judge, Show Cattle at Chicago Exposition."—Minnesota Daily.

Did anyone ever stop to think of the total amount of money spent on the Prom. Let's see. A boy kicks about how much it costs him to take her. Does he ever stop to think how much it costs her to go with him? How about making a list and adding it up?

Ladies

A new dress	\$20.00
1 pair stockings	1.50
1 pair ear-rings	.50
1 slip to match evening dress	2.00
1 manicure	.50
Hair washed and set	1.00
	\$25.50

Gentlemen

Tickets	\$ 2.50
Taxi	1.00
Shirt laundered	.50
Corsage	.50
"After"	.75
	\$ 5.25

Total \$30.75

Now, let's multiply this by 360 and the total is \$11,070.00. I wonder how many students this would put through University.

Oh heck! Who cares! It's going to be a swell dance anyway. We'll be seein' you in Africa!

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THEATRE NEWS

STRAND THEATRE, Mon., Tues., Wed., Dec. 9, 10, 11—On the stage, "Strathmore Revue"; on the screen, James Dunn in "Bad Boy."
EMPRESS THEATRE, Mon., Tues., Wed., Dec. 9, 10, 11—Greta Garbo in "Anna Karenina."
PRINCESS THEATRE, Sat., Mon., Tues., Dec. 7, 9, 10—Al Jolson and Ruby Wheeler in "Go Into Your Dance."
RIALTO THEATRE, all this week—Douglas Montgomery in "Harmony Lane." Coming Mon., Tues., Wed.—Charles Farrell in "Forbidden Heaven."



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Senior Hockey Team To Play Vegreville Tuesday Night

Pucksters in Action Here In Two Games

Will Meet Hillas Team Saturday Evening

PEMBINITES WELCOME

University of Alberta's far-famed senior hockey team will swing into action at the Varsity rink Saturday at 8:00 p.m. with an exhibition encounter against the Hillas Electric team of Edmonton. Minor league rates will be in effect at the ticket office.

Commencing their season proper next Tuesday evening, the senior pucksters will be hosts to the speedy team representatives of the thriving city of Vegreville (Vegreville papers please copy).

Performing for Varsity Saturday night will be Shorty Tallman in goal; Playing Coach Jack Talbot, Bill Stark and Bob Zender on defence; "Flying Frenchman" Fortier, Jack Dunlap, and Rusty Bassarab on the first string forward line, and Bill Scott, Nick Woyewitka, and Earl Lane on the second. Pembinites will be welcome at both games.

ATHLETICS

VARSVITY DEFEATS HAWKS

STAR PLAYER



AMY COGSWELL

Who is playing an excellent game with the women's basketball team this year.

Golden Bears Rally After Unimpressive Beginning to Gain Conclusive Victory

John Shipley and Clair Malcolm Share High Scoring Honors in Exciting Tilt

AT MACDOUGALL GYM

Game Develops Into a Fast and Furious Struggle That Kept Officials Busy

By Paddy Morris

Reorganizing their attack after an unimpressive beginning, Varsity Golden Bears clipped the wings of the Hawks in a basketball game at MacDougall Gym Wednesday night to send them hurtling to a crushing defeat. The score was Varsity 53, Hawks 20.

The Varsity team took the floor against the highly touted team, the pick of the city league, the Hawks. In the first few minutes of play it would seem as if the Varsity players would have more than their job cut out for them.

However, after three baskets were rung in by the Hawks, Varsity called time out, and in that short interval of time many sage words were spoken, the result of which the Golden Bears changed their defense policy, and checked man to man. On the small floor this was advisable, as the Hawks seemed able to snag points from the centre of the floor.

The game now developed into a fast and furious struggle that gave the referees a headache. However, on the foul shots that followed Varsity showed certainty in sinking these, as 14 points came from foul shots.

Varsity Hits Stride

As the first period progressed, Varsity began more and more to hit a stride that the Hawks were unable to compete with. An important factor of this first game was the close checking of the Varsity guards. Due to this the Hawks' plays were disorganized, and they were unable to bring any plays under the Golden Bears basket. In this first half Lees, Shipley, Hutton, Malcolm, Richards and Walker played stellar games.

At the end of the first period the score was 21 to 14 for Varsity. The Hawks again opened the second half by scoring, but a quick rally by Varsity with Shipley on the scoring end of a beautifully executed play started a period in which Varsity played basketball. With the plays clicking to perfection and a minimum of mistakes, Varsity held the ball and continually broke through on their plays to add to a rapidly increasing score. The second line of Varsity players took the floor, and there was no interruption in the smooth playing of the team.

Varsity Good

It was in this second half that the Varsity reached their pitch, with each man playing his position and each man doing his job to form effective parts in a display of beautiful team work. The Hawks, considered the pick of the city, hitherto undefeated, and a team that took the Redskins by 20 points, had little showing against the Golden Bears.

Shipley played an outstanding game, both defensively and on the attack. Walker, a new player on the team, played his position as guard well, and the close checking of Richards did much to break the scoring punch of the Hawks. However, all the players did their parts so well that it was difficult to pick out single outstanding performances.

When Varsity is able to turn out a team that should have more than a fighting chance for the Provincial championship, the support of the students as recognition for the hard training the boys have gone through would be appreciated, and also spectators would see a fine brand of basketball displayed.

The lineups:
Hawks—H. Martel, B. Banks (2), W. McLean, J. Smith (1), P. Oleinek (9), P. Smith, E. Martel (8), J. Moyan, J. Dodds—total 20.
Varsity—Shipley (19), Lees (2), Hutton (7), Deane, Malcolm (10), Richards (3), Walker (7), Thompson (1), Kiewell (4)—total 53.

Sport Box

By Paul Malone

There were two Sport Boxes written for this Friday's Gateway.

This is the second one. The first was torn up. It was rather a bitter Sport Box, complaining at some length of tactics employed by people who like to criticize efforts of other people while maintaining their identity a secret.

The basketball team—men's senior—is accomplishing considerable pre-season training in preparation for the strenuous league schedule that will greet them after Christmas. Y.M.C.A. Redskins have provided opposition for the collegians in three games to date, and have managed to make it considerably interesting.

One of the most dangerous pastimes on the campus—worm league hockey—got under way this week with fourth year electrical wire worms tangling with third year mining earth worms. Direct result of the series has been a request to the authorities to establish an elevator in the engineering laboratories for students unable to climb the stairs.

One of the wire worm stars reports that he has been experiencing difficulty to find a part of his body on which he can lie while sleeping, and further states that he is unable to raise his forearm to an altitude of more than 15 degrees. It's excellent fun while it lasts, but the after-effects are somewhat painful.

Interfaculty hockey will be operating at quite a pace after Christmas following completion of organization. Most of the pre-season activity has been confined to training.

Women's basketball athletes are again in excellent trim following their battle with the "puffin profs" some time ago. Nothing is known of the condition of the latter.

Whether or not Varsity's senior hockey team is as powerful as reported will be definitely known following the encounter

SHARPSHOOTER



JOHN SHIPLEY

Who led the scoring attack against the Hawks Wednesday.

with Vegreville Intermediates here Tuesday. The eastern town is always productive of a formidable team, and an excellent game should be on view for those attending.

Santa Claus is comin' to town, and this will probably be the last Friday edition before Xmas.

Deo Gratias.

McRae-Barry Star as Worm Turns Twice

Wire Worms Win Two Straight Encounters

NO FATALITIES

Displaying terrific scoring punch and startling ability "to take it," the fourth year electrical engineers' hockey team have batted 1000 per cent. in their worm league hockey engagements to date by drubbing the third year mining representatives in two consecutive encounters.

The fourth year line of "Cook" Barrie, "Boucher" McRae and "Cook" Inouge, scoring threats of the Wire Worms, were too much for the miners, and sifted through with satisfactory regularity in both encounters.

Wire Worms won the first game 6-4 and the second 8-7. Both goalkeepers survived, but other players are having extreme difficulty in attending lectures.

B. "Fighting McDougall" McRae emerged with scoring honors in both encounters, closely followed by Barrie, Inouge, Ritchie, Thompson, Chambers, McPherson, Hindle and Adamson.

Lineups:
Wire Worms—Hastie, Taylor, Stafford, McRae, Barrie, Inouge, Thompson, Hawky, Groat, Patton, Bergmann, Wilde.

Earth Worms — Patching, Roper, Hurdle, Peck, Hegler, Downey, Sparrow, Ritchie, Howey.

Referee—Rusty Oliver (Tapeworm).

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Abolishment of C.O.T.C. Mooted as Result Saskatchewan Resolution

Wide Variety of Opinions Revealed by Gateway Inquiring Reporter

FEMININE OPINION FOUND WANTING

A recent Canadian Press despatch stated that the University of Saskatchewan had instructed its delegate to the N.F.C.U.S. Conference to introduce the resolution that the C.O.T.C. in that University be abolished. There is considerable interest with regard to the question, and The Gateway was eager to find what the consensus of opinion in this University is with regard to the C.O.T.C. organization, its benefits to the study body, and whether those benefits compare favorably with the P.T. training.

C.O.T.C. Non-militaristic

Dr. Wallace believes that the C.O.T.C. not being a militaristic organization and in consequence neither breeding nor fostering a militaristic attitude, is doing no harm whatever. The training is entirely voluntary, and the individual with the desire to work up can gain promotion and join a militia unit. The organization benefits its members in that it teaches a very necessary discipline. The President wished to see an international force rather than national ones, but until the world has further developed there is still a need for the national military backing.

In the opinion of Max Martyn, a practical pacifist and a lieutenant in the Edmonton Fusiliers, military training is a beneficial element in our University. "A little discipline never hurt anyone," he said.

Gives One Pocket Money

Another lieutenant of the same force, Syd Sutherland, believes that it is a good thing for the University, and that there is no danger of it being abolished here. It gives one pocket money and an opportunity of advancement in an interesting work.

Charlie Hurst, premier-elect of the Boys' Parliament and pacifist, says: "I don't give two hoots in hell what happens to them. Personally, I don't favor C.O.T.C. I think it is a waste of money—but, of course, one's opinion is colored by either pacifistic or militaristic opinions."

C.O.T.C. Has Some Value

"A harmless sort of thing," says Dwight Powell, Theolog. On further questioning, Powell felt that in his opinion the three years C.O.T.C. training could be learned in one month in the advent of war. But he admitted it has some value for those individuals who are interested, but he thinks it is merely an extension of cadets.

Alan Macdonald, in the Faculty of Law, is all for it on the grounds that in case of war the training would be of some assistance, and in a short time one could drum up enough knowledge to gain a commission.

In the second year Med lab, feeling ran predominantly to the abolition of C.O.T.C. To them the P.T. training is more beneficial.

A certain feminine Pharm student emphasizes the advisability of a Pharmacy student to take C.O.T.C.

Feminine Opinion Lacking

On the whole, the women had very little idea of what the C.O.T.C. was for, or even what it was, and expressed opinions in accordance with their concepts. "The uniform looks nice"; "a swell way of getting a free pair of shoes"; "Oh dear!" and similar remarks and ejaculations were all the reporter could elicit from them.

CHEM CLUB HEARS SHIPLEY SPEAK ON SULFUR

On Wednesday, December 4th, the Chemistry Club held its last regular meeting before Christmas. The speaker was Mr. John Shipley, who chose as his subject "Sulfur."

Mr. Shipley began with an historical resume, starting from the time of Homer, when sulfur was known and used as a fumigating agent. Later it was woven into and had its place in many religious ceremonies. A primitive method of extraction used in the 15th century was described, and a few of the first uses of it such as in gunpowder, which brought a new kind of warfare.

In the 16th and 17th centuries it was taught by some that sulfur was not an element, but was a fatty acid which broke down to give sulfuric acid and phlogeston, while others believed it to be a compound of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen.

On the occurrence of sulfur, Mr. Shipley spoke mainly of those sources of commercial importance such as sulfates, sulfides and pyrites. Prior to the discovery of native sulfur in Louisiana and Texas, pyrite was the chief source, serving not only for the production of sulfur, but for iron as well. The gypsum type of sulfur such as occurs in the U.S.A., is so called because of its association with gypsum and anhydrite.

Prior to 1903, Sicily produced most of the world supply. By almost complete use of manual labor the ore was mined and placed in large piles, which were covered and fired. The liquid sulfur was collected in holes below the piles. This method was crude, and only about 60 per cent. efficient. Other methods of production and recovery

COMMERCE CLUB ADDRESSED BY MR. D. HEALY

"Tis truly said that this is the age of disillusionment. But even if they were aware of this, the members of the executive of the Commerce Club were scarcely prepared for the shock they received Monday noon at the club's regular luncheon meeting.

Faced with the spectre of declining attendance of lady members of the club, President Syd Sutherland executed what he considered was a masterful stroke when he persuaded that dashing language scholar, vocalist, etc., etc.—to wit, Mr. D. Healy—to address the Commerce Club. In any other university, in fact in almost any other club in this University, an announcement such as that would bring the co-eds out in droves, or whatever co-eds are coming out in this year. However, to the despair of the executive, this just didn't seem to be the way of it. True, the increased attendance of male members more than made up—in numbers—for the decrease in ladies present, but that decorative effect, which Professor Elliott so delicately discussed a few weeks ago, was noticeably impaired.

But to get back to Mr. Healy. Starting abruptly on his subject, which was announced as "Student Life in France," Mr. Healy carefully avoided any discussion of the condition of the sidewalk which rose up and struck him upon the elbow not so long ago. Even though his arm is still in a sling, it was not considered advisable to ask for details of the encounter.

To get back again. During his four and a half year stay in Europe, Mr. Healy seems to have acquired a profound respect for the French student. He works harder, plays harder, and on the whole gets much more out of life than does a student in this country. Even the few instances which the speaker found time to dwell on convinced most of those present that this was quite the case. Once again refuting his claim that he is no singer, Mr. Healy closed his talk by leading the club through the intricacies of a popular French student song.

The next Commerce Club meeting will be held some time in January. Watch the notice-boards for the date.

NOTICE

Prof. James Adam will address the members of the Architectural Students' Club on the subject of "Etching" on Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 4:30 p.m., in Arts 111. All those who are interested are welcome. Tea will be served.

MUSICAL PROGRAMME

The following program will be presented by means of recordings at the Students' Music Hour at 7:30 p.m. on Sunday, Dec. 9, in the University Radio Studio (second floor of Extension building).

1. Bach—Partita in E major.
2. Schubert—Der Wegweiser (Richard Tauber).
3. Sarasate—Introduction et Tarentelle (Heifetz).
4. Palestrina—Sanctus (Berlin State Opera Orch. and Chorus).
5. Mozart—Symphony in G Minor.
6. Sgambati—Neapolitan Serenade (E. Feuermann).
7. Donizetti—Mad Scene from Lucia (Lily Pons).
8. De Falla—Spanish Dance.

Everyone welcome.

were also dealt with, such as recovering sulfur dioxide and converting it to sulfuric acid, the process now used at Trail, B.C.

Mr. Shipley then spent some time on the Human Frasch method, which is now used in Louisiana and Texas, which consists of melting the sulfur with superheated water and forcing the liquid sulfur to the surface with compressed air. Frasch did work in various branches of chemistry, and in 1912 won the Pukin medal for distinguished services in the field of applied chemistry.

Mr. Shipley then had shown a two-reel film illustrating the Frasch process in operation, and the many and varied uses to which sulfur is put in the industries of today.

BON VOYAGE!



Alberta Rhodes Scholar embarking for Oxford

Musical Club Entertained by Gregorian Chanters

Sunday afternoon last, in the lounge of Athabasca, Father Green spoke before the Musical Club. The subject of his paper was "Georgian Chants." St. Joseph's Seminary Choir accompanied him, illustrating as he gave his paper, many of the most beautiful chants which have survived. Father Green was introduced by the president, Dr. MacEachran, who spoke warmly of their friendship and of their mutual interest and appreciation of music. "It is evident," he said, "that Father Green doesn't look upon music merely as a pastime." As well as training the choir of St. Joseph's Seminary, he is instructor of music in the schools. In his comprehensive paper he traced the beginnings of the chant back to Greece in the third and fourth centuries, followed its development as the rhythm gradually changed from two and three groupings to a more regular pattern, due to the influence of harmony, and brought the history up to date.

The ancients, he said, believed that music portrayed evil as well as good. The Greeks, aware of this, expurgated from their music that which was conducive to evil. Music has always been a constituent element in the ritual of the church, from the time of the Psalms of David. It is to the church that we owe the preservation of the oldest music known, the Georgian Chants.

Georgian song is simple and clear, yet powerful. It brings a message of peace, strength, purity and love, this being the purpose for which it was employed in the church. Its beauty lies in its simplicity. To illustrate this, the choir sang a group of verses, a form of chant expressing the tenderest emotions of the soul, soothing to the spirit. The softness of the Latin tongue, in which all the chants are sung, enhances their beauty. People in the early centuries remembered the melodies they heard by putting words to them.

Diverging for a moment, Father Green paused to consider rhythm in its ancient and modern forms. Rhythm he defined as meaning "order in movement," whose purpose is union. The rhythm embodied in the chants differs from the fixed modern type, in being free and unfixed, due to the tonic accent of Latin words. The method of conducting is also different, the movement being in circles rather than points. It follows in two and threes.

The Gregorian Chants are preserved in the Roman Catholic Church, intact from the third and fourth centuries, and are still used. They are named after Pope Gregory the Great who, in the fifth century, gathered together all the melodies then in existence. The twelfth and thirteenth centuries was the period of decadence, owing to the growing popularity and incorporation of harmony. The later chants are evidence of this. Ave Maria, in which the Angel Gabriel tells Mary she is to be the mother of Jesus, has three voice ranges and is an example of beautifully balanced phrases. The Magnificat is the final result of the acceptance of harmony in the chants. It also is a three-part arrangement whose theme is a psalm of joy and prophecy by the angels.

In closing, Dr. MacEachran deplored the lack of adequate means of expressing the pleasure experienced. As a spiritual awakener, he said, nothing could surpass the religious fervor of those ancient chants. He compared them to a ray of light across the mundane path of existence, lifting us higher in the struggle upward.

ELECTRICAL CLUB

The regular bi-monthly meeting of the Electrical Club was held Wednesday, Dec. 4, in the D.C. lab. The speaker was Mr. W. Clayton Wilde, who spoke on telephone communication systems. He touched briefly on the telephone, carrier telephone, telegraph and carrier telegraph systems of communication. The paper was well illustrated with slides.

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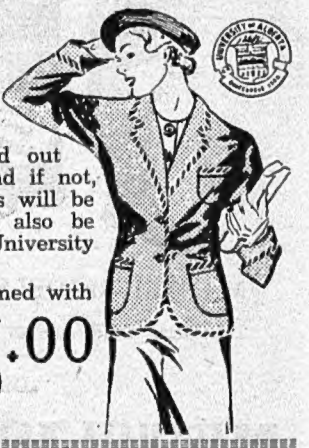


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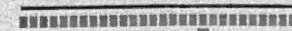
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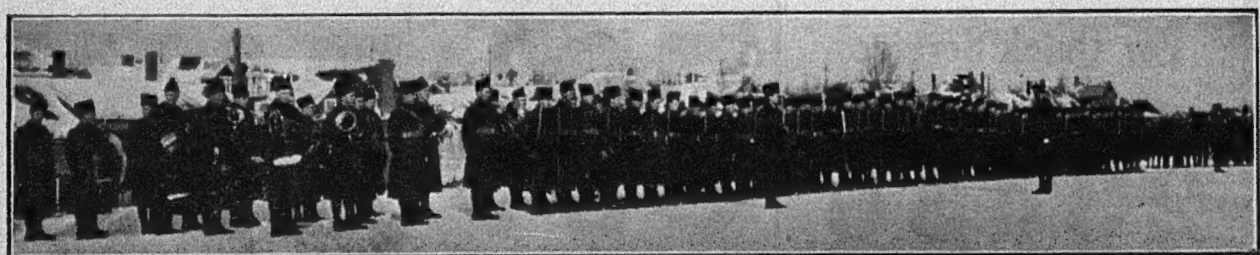
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